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MOORE'S MELODIES.

MELODIES,

BY

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

Philadelphia:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE popularity which has already attended an American Edition of a small portion of the Pieces contained in this Volume, has induced the Publisher to print one in a more complete, and (as he conceives in a) superior manner. In the following Collection will be found the whole of the Irish and National Melodies published in England up to the present time) and as it is understood that Mr. Moore has now proceeded as far as he intended in the respective Works, the present Edition

may be considered as complete in every point of view.

The Publisher takes the liberty to inform those Booksellers in England who may wish for Copies of the Work, that, by transmitting their Orders to him, they may be supplied in any quantity upon the usual terms.

CARPENTER STREET,
JUNE, 1821.

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IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—*Maid of the Valley.*

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while Fame elates thee,
  Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
  Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee

Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,—
Oh! then remember me.
Oft, as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee:
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee, dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me:
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.

Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
  Draw one tear from thee;
Then let mem'ry bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
  Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Air —*Molly Macalpin.*

Remember the glories of Brien the Brave,[1]
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia[2], and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora[3] no more!

[1] Brien Borombe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

[2] Munster.

[3] The Palace of Brien.

That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of Slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions[4], who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!

[4] This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated tha they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"*Let stakes,*"

The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

they said, "*be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*"—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*, book 12. chap. i.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—*Aileen Aroon.*

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

OH! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid!
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE[1].

Air—*The Fox's Sleep.*

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!

[1] These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall
live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can
give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

AIR—*Gramachree.*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled:—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells:—
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To shew that still she lives!

FLY NOT YET.

AIR—*Planxty Kelly.*

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing!
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain,
Like this to-night, that, oh! tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet! the fount that play'd,
In times of old, through Ammon's shade[1],
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter-brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break!
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

[1] Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow:—
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have loved, the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived:
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

AIR—*Coulin.*

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:—

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it
wreaths,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that
hair[1].

[1] "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins*, (long locks) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134.

Mr. Walker informs us, also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

AIR—*The Summer is coming.*

RICH and rare were the gems she wore[1],
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

[1] This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland,* vol. i. book 10.

" Lady! dost thou not fear to stay,
" So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
" Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
" As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

" Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
" No son of Erin will offer me harm:
" For though they love woman and golden store,
" Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

AIR—*The Young Man's Dream.*

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny-smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting:—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will
stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's
bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in
vain—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS[1].

THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD A VALLEY SO SWEET.

Air—*The Old Head of Denis.*

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet[2];
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

[1] "The Meeting of the Waters," forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

[2] The rivers Avon and Ovoca.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of chrystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill!
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still:—

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

Air—*The Brown Thorn.*

ST. SENANUS[1].

"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
For on thy deck though dark it be
A female form I see;
And I have sworn the sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

[1] In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenney MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis,

THE LADY.

"Oh! Father send not hence my bark
Through wintry winds and billows dark,
I come with humble heart, to share
Thy morn and ev'ning prayer;
Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd,
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd,
But legends hint that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.—

Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.
See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.* Page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor, and other antiquarians, deny this metamorphosis indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAY-LIGHT DIES.

Air—*The Twisting of the Rope.*

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee!

And as I watch the hue of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

(WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.)

AIR—*Dermot.*

TAKE back the virgin page
White and unwritten still:
Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even you require;
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you;

Like you it's fair and bright;
  Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
  One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
  Far, far away, I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
  Tow'rds you and home,
Fancy may trace some line
  Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
  Pure calm and sweet!

And as the records are,
  Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by the hidden star
  Through winter's deep;
So may the words I write
  Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light
  Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

AIR—*Unknown.*

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear,
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue while it linger'd here:
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn to night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call[1]:

[1] In every house was one or two harps free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music.—*O'Halloran.*

Then, if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR—*The Black Maid.*

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has death untied
Bright links that glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

We've fallen upon gloomy days[1]
Star after star decays:

[1] I have endeavoured here without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to that sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aid of talent and integrity.

Ev'ry bright name that shed
Light o'er the land is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear,
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights,
Thou[2] of the hundred fights!
Thou on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung[3]!
Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died!

[2] This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a Poem, by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," p. 433. "Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

[3] Fox, ultimus Romanorum.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

Air—*Garyone.*

We may roam through this world like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet and then flies to the rest,
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gift that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own Green Isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of Prudery, placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwell,
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just floats her off, and then bids her good-bye!
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or west-
ward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at
home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH! WEEP FOR THE HOUR.

AIR—*Unknown*[1].

OH! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came,
The Moon hid her light
From the Heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame:

[1] Our claim to this air has been disputed; but they who are best acquainted with national melodies pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!"

The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold Moon,
And Heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way
Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Ev'ry trace on the path where the false lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—*The Red Fox.*

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold[1]
Which he won from her proud invader;

[1] "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the 10th century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."

Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book 9.

When her kings with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights[2] to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank[3] as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!

[2] "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."

O'Halloran's Introduction, &c. part i. chap. 5.

[3] It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing, the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says, that fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under water:—"Piscato-

Thus shall Memory often in dreams sublime,
  Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing look through the waves of Time
  For the long-faded glories they cover!

res aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt."

Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2. c. 9.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA[1].

SILENT, OH, MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.

AIR—*Arrah, my dear Eveleen.*

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose;
While murmuring mournfully Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

[1] To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict on an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

When shall the swan her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will Heaven its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping;
Still, doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—*We brought the Summer with us.*

COME send round the wine and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower, too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue;
But while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR—*The Black Joke.*

SUBLIME was the warning which liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
It was life and revenge from the Conqueror's chains!
Oh, liberty! let not this spirit have rest
Till it move like a breeze o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your Garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of your fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm and to home its delights,

If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain;
Then ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to breathe his last sigh into Victory's breast,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Breathe a hope that the magical flame which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause.—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,

Its devotion to free and its rights to maintain:
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footsteps of coward or slave,
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

BELIEVE me if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms
Like fairy-gifts fading away—
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make thee more dear!

Oh! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

ERIN! OH ERIN!

AIR—*Thamama Halla.*

LIKE the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's holy shrine,[1]
And turn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright, through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

[1] The unextinguishable fire of St. Bridget at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions:—"Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper inextinctus."

Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern. Dist. 2, c. 34.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And, though Slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower[2].
Erin! oh Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope, that lived through it, shall blossom at last!

[2] Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

DRINK TO HER.

Air—*Heigh ho! my Jackey.*

Drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel-hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her "*Which* might pass?"
She answer'd, "He who could."

With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do;
While Wit, a diamond brought
Which cut his bright way through!
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!

The love, that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines:
But, oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her who long,
Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD[1].

AIR—*Kitty Tyrrel.*

OH! blame not the bard if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and, in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow[1] to the warrior's dart;

[1] We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

[2] It is conjectured by Wormius that the name of Ireland, is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for *a bow*, in the use of which

And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

But, alas! for his country! her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend:
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

weapon, the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland, called the land of *Ire*, (for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of Concord."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, Art. *The Lord Grandison*.

Then blame not the bard, if in Pleasure's soft
dream,
He should try to forget what he never can
heal:
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark
how he'll feel!
That instant his heart at her shrine would lie
down
Ev'ry passion it nursed, ev'ry bliss it adored;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his
crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius should cover
his sword[3].

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade
away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
wrongs!

[3] See the hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω.—I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters, themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

AIR—*Oonagh.*

WHILE gazing on the Moon's light,
A moment from her smile, I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd:
But too far
Each proud star
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came[1];

[1] "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—*Whiston's Theory*, &c.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words *Non mille quod absens.*

Thus, Mary dear! be thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
Which bless my home, and guide my way!

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that light's a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss)
" The moon looks
" On many brooks;
" The brook can see no moon but this[2]:"
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks on thee;
While, oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me!

[2] This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works:—" The moon looks upon many night-flowers: the night-flower sees but one moon."

ILL OMENS.

WHEN DAY LIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

AIR—*Kitty of Coleraine*[1]; *or, Paddy's Resource.*

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone;

[1] Having some reason to suspect that *Kitty of Coleraine* is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted.

For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies!"

While she stole through the garden, where hearts-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:

But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the hearts-ease was lost:—
" Ah! this means," said the girl, and she sigh'd at its meaning,
" That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.

AIR—*The Fairy Queen.*

By the hope within us springing,
  Herald of to-morrow's strife—
By that sun whose light is bringing
  Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
    Like the day-star in the wave,
    Sinks a hero to his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!
    Blessed is he, o'er whose decline,
    The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years:

But, oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foe-man's cheek turns white,
While his heart that field remembers
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from them!
Hark! the horn of combat calls!—
Oh! before the evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!
Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken ev'n at Victory's sound:
But, oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY.

AIR—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

NIGHT closed around the Conqueror's way,
And lightning shew'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of Freedom's dream,
And Valour's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—

There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR—*Thady, you Gander.*

OH! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near[1]!

[1] I believe it is Marmontel who says, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a."—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeu d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium on folly.

The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still, that is dear;
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose be not there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes;
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing, and the peacock's, are nearly alike;
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!

Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that is dear;
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips that are near!

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

Air—I once had a True Love.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd:
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briers while gold her brows adorn'd:

She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn these ling'ring chains!
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue;
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too[1]!

[1] "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."
St. Paul, 2 Corinthians iii. 17.

ON MUSIC.

WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

AIR—*Banks of Banna.*

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
  Losing all that made life dear;
Should some notes, we used to love
  In days of boyhood, meet our ear;
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
  Wakening thoughts that long have slept—
Kindling former smiles again
  In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
  Beds of oriental flow'rs,
Is the grateful breath of song,
  That once was heard in happier hours.

Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flow'rs have sunk in death:
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath!

Music! oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly sooth, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED[1].

AIR—*The Sixpence.*

IT is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the soul that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him:
'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,
Through a life by his loss all shaded:
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them!

[1] These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
Where fadeless they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'TIS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP.

AIR—*Gage Fane.*

'Tis believed that this harp that I wake now for thee,
Was a syren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often at eve through the bright billows roved,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form!

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled
the same,
While sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the
frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its
bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings![1]

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath
been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's soft tone,
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when
away!

[1] This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an Ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson, of Dublin.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE.

AIR—*The Old Woman.*

OH! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one-loved name.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love has traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

THE PRINCE'S DAY[1].

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

AIR—*St. Patrick's Day.*

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!
But, just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,

[1] This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of WALES's birth-day, given by my friend, Major BRYAN, last year (1810), at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink!—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true!
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array;
The standard of green
In front would be seen.—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And shew what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's day.

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,
And thus, Erin, my country! though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, that beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's day!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Air—*The Song of Sorrow.*

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more!
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain:—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on—perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name;
And many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame!

And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love!
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
Where others knelt to heaven!"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR—*Nora Creina.*

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My gentle bashful Nora Creina!
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it!

Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell, as heaven pleases!
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear!
My simple graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes;—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR—*Domhnall.*

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
  Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
  And waste its bloom away, MARY!
Yet still thy features wore that light
  Which fleets not with the breath;
And life look'd ne'er more purely bright
  Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
  With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
  Within their gentle tide, MARY!
So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
  Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
  Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, MARY[1]!

[1] I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of SHENSTONE's—"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE[1].

Air—*The Brown Irish Girl.*

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er[2],
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep;
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!

[1] This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

[2] There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong,
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there;
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said " Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—*Open the Door.*

SHE is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking.—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved Island of sorrow!

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

Air—*Dennis, don't be Threatening.*

Nay, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs,
The spell of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine,
Soon did the buds,
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those, which the tide
Of ruby had dyed,
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

AVENGING AND BRIGHT FALL THE SWIFT SWORD OF ERIN.

AIR—*Crooghan a Venee*[1].

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin,
On him, who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

[1] The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written, *Cruachàn na Fèine*, i. e. the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see Vol. 1. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark
dwelling[2],
When Ulad's[3] three champions lay sleeping in
gore—
By the billows of war, which so often high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The death of the Children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear,' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans) and this 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle," &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others, advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

[2] "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." Deirdri's song.

[3] Ulster.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

Air—*The Yellow Horse.*

HE.

WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey dew
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

SHE.

What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

HE.

Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

HERE WE DWELL.

Air—*Cean dubh Delish.*

"Here we dwell in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
To heaven in mingled odour ascend!
Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours.

Love stood near the Novice, and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice! to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs!
Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

AIR—*The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.*

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked, ere the tear can be dried;
And as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief, that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly, that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way[1].
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain, that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

[1] Proposito florem prætulit officio.
Propert. Lib. i. Eleg. 2.

OH, THE SHAMROCK!

Air—*Alley Croker.*

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass[1]

[1] St. Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
Oh the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
For *me* they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!"
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Air—*Molly, my Dear.*

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye!
And I think that, if spirits can steal from the region of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear;

And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh, my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls[1],
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear!

[1] "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING!

Air—*Moll Roe in the Morning.*

One bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that Pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas! till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But, oh! may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!

But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah! never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And, oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies mid the tears of the cup!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR—*Groves of Blarney.*

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

Air—*The Dandy O!*

The young May moon is beaming love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove,
Through Morna's grove[1],
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

[1] "Steal silently to Morna's grove."
See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college-companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate, as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear!
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Air—*The Moreen.*

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THE

SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI[1].

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

AIR—*The Pretty Girl milking her Cow.*

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

[1] These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had

I look'd for the lamp which she told me,
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead—
Ah! would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.

been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."

And *there* hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had waked it so often,
Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss!

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought!*
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin! how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her vallies profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour—
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry brand to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

AIR—*Sheela na Guira.*

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone;
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joys that life elsewhere can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the
clime,
We should love, as they loved, in the first golden
time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer
there!
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers;
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the
night!

FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

AIR—*Moll Roone.*

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend, who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which he cannot destroy,
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd;
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd!
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIT—*Yellow Wat and the Fox.*

OH! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of passion's ardent spell,
Oh! trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN[1].

AIR—*Were I a Clerk,*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.

[1] This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.

" To-night," said the youth, " we'll shelter there;
" The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

" Now, welcome Lady," exclaim'd the youth,—
" This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

AIR—*The Rose Tree.*

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If *thy* smiles had left me too;
I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
If *thou* wert, like them, untrue.
But, while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light!

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.

One minute's dream about thee
  Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
  My own love, my only dear!

And, though the hope be gone, love,
  That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
  More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me,
  Along the path I've yet to roam,
The mind, that burns within me,
  And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
  The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels a while benighted,
  And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
  By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
  As that light which Heaven sheds!

COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR—*Cuishlih ma chree*[1].

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let Fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not!

[1] The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular air;—they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances.

Cuishlih ma chree,
Did you but see
How, the rogue, he did serve me;—*Bis.*
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
O Cuishlih ma chree! &c.

Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves;
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own!
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

AIR—*Sly Patrick.*

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has Love to that soul so tender
Been like our Lagenian mine[1],
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?

[1] Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story[2],
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
When sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;

[2] "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights—Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—*Luggelaw.*

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
  Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awakening from fearful slumbers,
  He thinks the full quire of heav'n is near,—
Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
  This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
  To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
  Of summer wind through some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
  Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
  I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
  By such benign blessed sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—*O Patrick, fly from me.*

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter—scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever!

On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR—*Paddy Whack.*

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illumed all the volume her WELLINGTON's name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams such as break from her own dewy skies;—
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
"I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.

For, though heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON's name!

And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, e'en thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood
Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR—*Pease upon a Trencher.*

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In Woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me;
My only books
Were Woman's looks,
And Folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,

Like him the Sprite[1]
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But, while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away.
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?

[1] This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, "O'Donnel") has given a very different account of that goblin.

No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE!

Air—*Sios agus sios liom.*

Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin! farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,

Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Our green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin! farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Air—*Lough Sheeling.*

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here:
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame!
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—*Savournah Deelish.*

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and bless'd the pure ray ere it fled!
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning,
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And, darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee,

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once like a sun-burst[1], her banner unfurl'd,
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing,
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!

[1] "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

Then vanish'd for ever that fair sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's de-
rision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and
elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

Air—*Miss Molly.*

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise!
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When Passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR!

Air—*Bob and Joan.*

Fill the bumper fair
Every drop we sprinkle,
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions—

So We, Sages, sit,
And 'mid bumpers bright'ning
From the Heav'n of Wit
Draw down all its lightning!
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

The careless youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—
But, oh, his joy! when round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

Some drops were in the bowl,
  Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of soul
  Mix'd their burning treasure!
Hence the goblet's shower
  Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
  O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Air—*New Langolee.*

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence[1] had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

[1] In that rebellious but beautiful song "When Erin first rose" there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace, at Almhaim, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks."—See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss Brook's "Reliques of Irish Poetry."*

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

MY GENTLE HARP.

AIR—*The Coina or Dirge.*

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
When many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp from chords like thine?
Alas! the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains!

But come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
And shew the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still[1]!

[1] Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
Juvenal.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR—*The Girl I left behind me.*

As slow our ship her foamy track
  Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
  To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
  From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
  To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
  We talk, with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
  So faint, so sad their beaming;

While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And, when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'llers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

Air—*The Little Harvest Rose.*

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh! 'tis not believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass
us by,
Like a leaf on the stream, that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure
so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is
true!

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their
dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping
skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from
mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by
tears!

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR—*Limerick's Lamentation*[1].

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And, oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the path-ways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

[1] Our right to this fine air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but, as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,—
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

REMEMBER THEE!

Air—*Castle Tirowen.*

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they torture thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL.

Air—*Noran Kitsa.*

Wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night
And leave dull earth behind us!
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy th' enchanter brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,

The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight,
Tow'rds heav'n to night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos,
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:—
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So, wreath the bowl, &c.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew
Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly.

Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then, wreath the bowl, &c.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

AIR—*Father Quinn.*

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
And Love who leaves, where'er he lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!
And youth, that like pure snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

AIR—*The Winnowing Sheet.*

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flow'rs shall bloom where'er we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that flow from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR—*Fague a Ballagh.*

To Ladies' eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to chuse, 'tis hard to chuse.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours,
But fill the cup, where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.

While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup, &c.

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems pourtray'd, Love seems pourtray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up, &c.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—*The Lamentation of Aughrim.*

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for Freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in man nor in heaven,
To let tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, though blazon'd in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

AIR—*Noch bonin shin doe.*

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can shew me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets[1] to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights[2], as lovely as you.

[1] Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.
Pluralité des Mondes.

[2] La Terre pourra être pour Venus l'etoile du berger et la mere des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous.—*Ibid.*

But, though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows, we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH, FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

AIR—*Name unknown.*

OH, for the swords of former time!
Oh, for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh, for the swords of former time! &c.

Oh, for the kings who flourish'd then!
Oh, for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh, for the kings who flourish'd then! &c.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Air—*My Husband's a Journey to Portugal gone.*

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments, lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one Summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going,
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Air—*The Humming of the Ban.*

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Where ever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest stop no more.
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or, if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

YES, SAD ONE OF SION.

AIR—*I would rather than Ireland.*

YES, sad one of SION[1]—if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down[2]."

[1] These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

[2] "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day." Jer. xv. 9.

Like thine doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

Ah well may we call her, like thee, "the For-saken[3],"
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings, as sad as the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

[3] "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken." Isa. lxii. 4.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City[4]
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on, heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over,
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover[5],—
The Lady of Kingdoms[6] lay low in the dust.

[4] "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased." Isaiah xiv. 4.

[5] "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave.....and the worms cover thee." Isaiah xiv. 11.

[6] "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms." Isaiah xlvii. 5.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

AIR—*Paddy O'Rafferty.*

DRINK of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
  Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
  Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
  Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the
    top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
  To immortals themselves, you must drain every
    drop of it.
Send round the cup—for, oh! there's a spell in
  Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
  Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There, having by nature's enchantment been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like cauldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet—'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.

What, though it may taste of the smoke of that
flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbid-
den—
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could
name,
Which may work too its charm, though now
lawless and hidden,
So drink of the cup—for, oh! there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial, that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY COME MEET ME.

Air—*Open the Door softly.*

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light
To young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
These secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition—the image of him,
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he'll hover,
You'll hardly my dear any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moon-light,
He'll kneel with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in Destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD!

Air—*Plough Tune.*

Oh, ye Dead! Oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot, where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan;
It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone.

But, oh! thus ev'n in death,
So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That, ere condemn'd we go
To freeze mid Hecla's[1] snow,
We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!

[1] Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands, walk about and converse with those they meet like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say, they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS[1].

OF ALL THE FAIR MONTHS THAT ROUND THE SUN.

AIR—*The Little and Great Mountain.*

Of all the fair months that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

[1] The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's account of Killarney, or, more fully detailed, in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet, unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths

Of all the smooth lakes, where day-light leaves
His ling'ring smile on golden eves,
  Fair lake, fair lake, thou'rt dear to me,
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
  Who dwells, who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed chiefs on sea or shore,
  White steed, white steed, most joy to thee,
Who still with the first young glance of spring
From under that glorious lake dost bring,
  Proud steed, proud steed, my love to me.

While, white as the sails some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane[2] curls,

and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and, at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the Lake.

[2] The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

Fair steed, fair steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair steed, around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

ECHO.

HOW SWEET THE ANSWER ECHO MAKES.

AIR—*The Wren.*

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh, that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

OH, BANQUET NOT.

AIR—*Planxty Irwine.*

OH, banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts—but come to me,
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour—
Our guests the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE!

Air—"*Staca an Mharaga,*" (The Market-stake.)

The dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries—resting never—
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

AIR—*Macfarlane's Lamentation.*

SHALL the Harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost[1]?

[1] It is only these two first verses, that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid, raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!

That *one* lucid interval snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal.

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shewn —

An eloquence rich—wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread,
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head.

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath
told[2],
Put the rays from his brow, that his child
might come near—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest
hold dear.

Is there one who hath thus through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him—through glory,
through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the
same—

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness
we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only pourtrays.—

[2] Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid :—" *Deposuit radios propriùsque accedere jussit.*

Oh, no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR—*Planity Sudley.*

OH, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating!
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomp to those who need 'em—
Adorn but Man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves,
That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing.

NATIONAL MELODIES.

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A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP[1].

AIR—*Spanish.*

A "TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden, the thought is divine!"
Her Temple was built—and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

[1] The thought is taken from a Song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."
So the bargain was struck, with the little god laden,
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove.
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden,
Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

AIR—*Portuguese.*

FLOW on, thou shining river,
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bow'r and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r,
Then leave those wreaths to wither,
Upon the cold bank there.
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charm shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

AIR—*Indian.*

ALL that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that drops in springing,
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That ev'ry hour are breaking?

Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light and see
That light for ever flying!
All that's bright must fade, &c.

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Air—*Hungarian.*

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell,
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heav'n—and to part thus another,
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh, Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other,
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet—
The last was that farewell of day-light more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.

Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow,
To think that such happiness could not remain,
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow,
Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

THOSE EV'NING BELLS.

AIR—*The Bells of St. Petersburgh.*

THOSE ev'ning bells, those ev'ning bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be, when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

AIR—*Portuguese.*

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ,
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy.
Should the gay friends for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone.

Oh! 'tis then he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.

Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round;
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

AIR—*Italian.*

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day;
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out,
While Reason took
To his sermon-book—
Oh which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
No, no, no, no,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!"

The sight of his cap brought her back to herself,
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
No, no, no, no,
No one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap,
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap,
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "Old Quiz!"
(Folly was always good natured, 'tis said,'
Under the sun,
There's no such fun,
As Reason with my cap and bells on his head.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Reason with my cap and bells on his head!

But Reason the head-dress so aukwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before,
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud)
She liked him still better in that than his own,
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Liked him still better in that than his own.

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

Air—*Sicilian.*

Fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived,
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light,
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.

'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The balm of falsehood lies!
Love lives in ev'ry other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Lovely still, &c.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

AIR—*Portuguese.*

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs;
When, as the moon-beam that trembled o'er thee,
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes,
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us never, never more to part,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
Never, never more to part.

And when I call'd thee, by names the dearest
That Love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,

" My life, my only life," among the rest,
In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,
Thou said'st, " Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?
Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best,
For life soon passes, but how blest to be
That soul which never, never parts from thee,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
Never, never parts from thee.

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAY-LIGHT SETS.

AIR—*Venetian.*

OH, come to me when day-light sets,
Sweet! then come to me;
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins
To steal young hearts away.
Oh, come to me when day-light sets,
Sweet! then come to me;
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moon-light sea.

Oh, thens the hour for those who love
Sweet! like thee and me!
When all's so calm below, above,
In heav'n and o'er the sea.

When maidens sing sweet baracolles[1],
And Echo sings again,
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So come to me, &c.

[1] Baracolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise.—*Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.*

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Air—*Scotch.*

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all, but he, departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

AIR—*Russian.*

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear.
Jubilate, Amen, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.
Jubilate, Amen, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.
Jubilate, Amen, Amen.

Now, like moon-light waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along!
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Jubilate, Amen, Amen.

Hush! again, like waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along.
Jubilate, Amen, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along.
Jubilate, Amen, Amen.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Air—*Swiss.*

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
Across this sunny main"—
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believed he'd come again.

She linger'd there till ev'ning's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

At length, a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves;
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright
His golden bark reflects the light—
But, ah! it is not Love's!

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd,
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain?
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er—
Love never came again!

THERE COMES A TIME.

AIR—*German.*

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flow'r its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright so fond—
Oh! then's the hour to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.
Alas! that time, that dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flow'r its own!

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night,
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light.

Nor, like our northern day gleam on
  Through twilight's dim delay—
The cold remains of lustre gone,
  Of fire long pass'd away.
Oh! yes, that time, that dreary time,
  To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
  And made each flow'r its own.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

AIR—*Swedish.*

My harp has one unchanging theme,
  One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
  Of Joy that's now no more.
In vain I try with livelier air
  To wake the breathing string,
That voice of other times is there,
  And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
  Henceforth be all my own,
Though thou art oft so full of pain,
  Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
  The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
  Were still upon thy strings.

OH! NO, NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

AIR—*Cashmerian.*

Oh! no, not e'en when first we loved,
  Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
  But now thy virtues bind my heart—
What was put Passion's sigh before,
  Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow,
And though I then might love thee more,
  Trust me I love thee better now.

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
  Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
  Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
  That then but sparkled o'er my brow;
And though I seem'd to love thee more,
  Yet, oh! I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Air—*Scotch.*

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rovest
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly!

Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flow'r beneath!
As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that shall ever meet thy glances!

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

WHILE I TOUCH THE STRING.

AIR—*French.*

WHILE I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing,
Has, for once, a moral!
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out, by moon-light,
With Genius on his rambles.
While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying;
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.

One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him;
T'other idly gazed
On each night cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd
Safe, as he doth ever.
While the boy, whose look
Was in heav'n that minute,
Never saw the brook
But tumbled headlong in it.
While I touch the string, &c.

How the wise one smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current.
Sense went home to-bed,—
Genius left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river!
While I touch the string, &c.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

Air—*Old English.*

THEN fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear Love!
The pain of parting thus!

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numb'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this,
Dear love!
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love!
And chased it all away!

Yet ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart,
Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell, our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love!
Like them in tears it sets.

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

AIR—*Maltese.*

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounden feet,
When, after day-light's golden set,
Maids and youths by moon-light meet,
Oh! then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,—
Lighted by those eyes we love,
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With night's bright eye-beams over head,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh! then, how sweet to say
Into the loved one's ear,—
Thoughts reserved through many a day,
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray;
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheeks warm blushes play!
Then, then the farewell kiss,
And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

LOVE IS A HUNTER BOY.

AIR—*Languedocian.*

LOVE is a hunter-boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey;
And in his nets of joy
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie,
Love tracks them every where;
In vain aloft they fly,—
Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chace.
And most he loves through snow
To track those footsteps fair,
For then the boy doth know
None track'd before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

AIR—*French.*

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings!
Like sun-set gleams, that linger late,
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last.
Then chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs,
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.

To gild our dark'ning life, if heav'n
But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is giv'n
In all its splendour now.

Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves, that from the shore
One minute swell—are touch'd with light,
Then lost for ever more.
Come, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

WHISP'RINGS, HEARD BY WAKEFUL MAIDS,

AIR—*Portuguese.*

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us—
Stolen walks through moon-light shades,
With those we love beside us—
Hearts beating,
At meeting,
Tears starting,
At parting—
Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades,
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

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